

working etc. for the house.

The first thing of importance, that riveted itself on my girlish memory was the death of the old lady, and the grand, imposing funeral ceremonies, there being scarcely standing room in the Park. I also remember going often to this place of worship, there being a chapel in the building with an attending clergyman, to gaze on the beautiful decorations of the church.

A year or two later, I attended another school perhaps a grade higher, where we had a young man as teacher. Think at that time, I must have been about twelve